Words by
Harry H. Williams.

Music by
Egbert Van Alystyne.

Moderato.

Down on the sand hills of New Mexico,
This Indian maiden told the colored man,
There lives an Indian
She wanted lots to

She's of the tribe they call the Navajo,
Laces and blankets and a powder can,
He answered have no fear.
And every evening there was a silver light of the moon.

Jewels and pipe-stone rare,
You bring me feathers dear from the Navajo.

Who came his love to plead.
There by the store.

Who came his love to plead.
There by the store.

He answered have no fear.
And with

When they were all alone,
To her he would softly crone.

Joy then the maiden sighed,
When to her once more he cried.
Na-va, my Na-va, I have a love for you that will grow.

If you'll have a coon for a beau, I'll have a Na-va, Na-va, my Na-va, Jo.

Na-va, Jo.

CHORUS